

S E A - P I E C E :

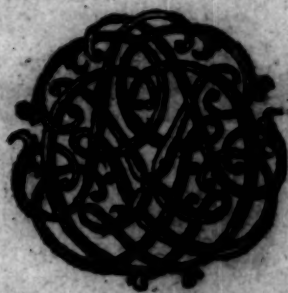
CONTAINING

I. The ^KBRITISH Sailor's *Exultation*.II. His *Prayer* before Engagement.

OCCASION'D

By the Rumour of W A R.

*Non Illi imperium pelagi, sævumque Tridentem,
Sed Mihi sorte datum - - - - - G. R.*



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, in *Ball-Mall*, and sold
by M. COOPER, in *Pater-noster-Row*. 1755.

ОРИГИНАЛ

I. The BRITISH Sailor's Exultation.

His Paper before Engagement.

OCCESSION, D

By the Removal of W. A. R.

2ed. Mit 1000 Abbildungen. - G. R. -
Nur III. in 10 Bänden. - 1870. - 10 Bände.



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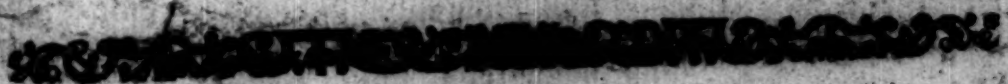
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SEA-PIECE



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SEA-PIECE.



(Price Six-pence.)

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S E A P I E C E



(Price Six-pence.)

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SEA-PIECE.

ODE the FIRST.

The BRITISH SAILOR'S *Exultation.*

I.

IN lofty Sounds let those delight,
Who brave the Foe, but fear the Fight;
And bold in Word, of Arms decline the Stroke:
'Tis mean to boast; but Great to lend
To Foes the Counsel of a Friend,
And warn them of the Vengeance they provoke.

II.

From whence arise these loud Alarms?
Why gleams the South with brandish'd Arms?
War, bath'd in Blood, from curst Ambition springs:
Ambition mean! ignoble Pride!
Perhaps their Ardors may subside,
When weigh'd the Wonders *Britain's* Sailor sings.

III. Hear,

III
 Hear, and Revere.---At *Britain's* Nod,
 From each enchanted Grove, and Wood,
 Hastes the huge *Oak*, or shadeless Forest leaves;
 The Mountain *Pines* assume new Forms,
 Spread Canvas-wings, and fly thro' Storms,
 And ride o'er Rocks, and dance on foaming Waves.

IV.

She nods again: the labouring Earth
 Discloses a tremendous Birth;
 In smoking Rivers runs her molten Ore;
 Thence, Monsters of enormous size,
 And hideous Aspect, threatening life,
 Flame from the Deck, from trembling Belfries rear.

VI.

These Ministers of Fate fulfill
 On Empires wide an *Island's* Will,
 When Thrones unjust wake Vengeance: Know thy Power
 In sudden Night, and ponderous Balls,
 And Floods of Flame, the Tempest falls,
 When brave *Britannia's* awfull Senate lowers.

VI. In

In her* grand Council she surveys
 In patriot Picture, what may raise
 Of insolent Attempts a warm Disdain;
 From Hope's triumphant Summit thrown,
 Like darted Lightning, swiftly down
 The Wealth of Ind, and Confidence of Spain.

VII.

Britannia fleaths her Courage keen,
 And spurs her nitrous Magazine;
 Her Cannon fluster, till the Proud aspire,
 And leave all Law below them; then they blaze!
 They thunder from resounding Seas,
 Touch'd by their injur'd Master's Soul of Fire.

VIII

Then Buller rises the Battle raves
 And rends the Shice and warms the Ways!
 And calls a Tempest from the peacefull Deep,
 In spite of Nations, spite of Foes,
 While all-serenity and hush'd above,
 Tumultuous Winds in azure Chambers sleep.

XII. The

IX. A

A thousand Deaths the bursting Bomb
 Hurls from her disembowel'd Womb;
 Chain'd, glowing Globes, in dread Alliance, join'd,
 Red-wing'd by strong, sulphureous Blasts,
 Sweep, in black Whirlwinds, Men, and Masts;
 And leave sing'd, naked, Blood-drown'd Decks behind.

X. IIV

Dwarf Laurels rise in tented Fields;
 The Wreath immortal, *Ocean* yields;
 There War's whole Sting is shot, whole Fire is spent,
 Whole Glory blooms: how pale, how tame,
 How lambent is *Bellona's* Flame;
 How her Storms languish on the Continent.

XI. V

From the dread Front of *antient* War
 Less Terror frown'd; her scythed Car,
 Her castled Elephant, and battering Beam,
 Stoop to those Engines which deny
 Superior Terrors to the Sky,
 And boast their Clouds, their Thunder, and their Flamer

XII.

The Flame, the Thunder, and the Cloud,
The Night by Day, the Sea of Blood,
Hosts whirl'd in Air, the Yell of sinking Throgs,
The graveless Dead, an Ocean warm'd,
A Firmament by Mortals storm'd,
To patient *Britain's* angry Brow belongs.

XIII.

Or do I dream? or do I rave?
Or see I *Vulcan's* sooty Cave,
Where *Jove's* red Bolts the Giant Brothers frame?
Those swarthy Gods of *Toil* and *Heat*,
Loud Peals on Mountain Anvils beat,
And panting Tempests rouse the roaring Flame.

XIV.

Ye Sons of *Aetna*! hear my Call;
Unfinish'd let those Bawbles fall,
That Shield of *Mars*, *Minerva's* Helmet blue:
Your Strokes suspend, ye brawny Throng!
Charm'd by the Magick of my Song,
Drop the feign'd Thunder, and attempt the True.

B

XV. Begin

XV.

Begin! * and, first, take rapid *Flight*,
 Fierce *Flame*, and Clouds of thickest *Night*,
 And ghastly *Terror*, paler than the Dead;
 Then, borrow from the North his *Roar*,
 Mix *Groans*, and *Deaths*; one *Viol* pour
 Of wrong'd *Britannia's* Wrath, and it is made;
Gaul starts, and trembles,---at your dreadful Trade.

* Alluding to Virg.



XV. Begin:



O D E the S E C O N D.

In which is the Sailor's *Prayer* before Engagement.

I.

SO form'd the Bolt, ordain'd to break
Gaul's haughty Plan, and *Bourbon* shake;
If *Britain's* Crimes support not *Britain's* Foes,
And edge their Swords: O Pow'r Divine!
If blest by Thee the bold Design,
Embattled Hosts a single Arm o'erthrow.

VII.

Ye warlike Dead, who fall of old
In *Britain's* Cause, by Fame enroll'd
In deathless Annal! deathless Deeds inspire;
From Oozy Beds for *Britain's* Sake,
Awake, illustrious Chiefs! awake;
And kindle in your Sons paternal Fire.

III.

The Day commission'd from Above,
Our Worth to weigh, our Hearts to prove,
If War's full Shock too *Feeble* to sustain;
Or *Firm* to stand its final Blow,
When vital Streams of Blood shall flow,
And turn to Crimson the discolour'd Main;

IV.

That Day's arriv'd, that fatal Hour!—
“Hear us, O hear, Almighty Pow'r!
“Our Guide in Counsel, and our Strength in Fight!
“Now War's important Die is thrown,
“If left the Day to Man alone,
“How blind is Wisdom, and how weak is Might!

V.

“Let prostrate Hearts, and awfull Fear,
“And deep Remorse, and Sighs sincere
“For *Britain's* Guilt, the Wrath divine appease;
“A Wrath more formidable far
“Than angry Nature's wastefull War,
“The Whirl of Tempests, and the Roar of Seas.

“VI. From

VI.

“ From out the Deep, to Thee we cry,
“ To Thee, at Nature's Helm on high !
“ Steer Thou our Conduct, dread OMNIPOTENCE !
“ To Thee for Succour we resort ;
“ Thy Favour is our only Port ;
“ Our only Rock of Safety, thy Defence.

VII.

“ O Thou, to whom the Lions roar,
“ And, not unheard, thy Boon implore !
“ Thy Throne our Bursts of Cannon loud invoke ;
“ Thou can'st arrest the flying Ball ;
“ Or send it back, and bid it fall
“ On those, from whose proud Deck the Thunder broke.

VIII.

“ Britain, in vain, extends her Care
“ To Climes * remote, for Aids in War ;
“ Still farther must it stretch to crush the Foe ;
“ There's one Alliance, one alone,
“ Can crown her Arms, or fix her Throne ;
“ And that Alliance is not found below.

IX.

“ IX. ALLY

* Russia.

IX.

" ALLY SUPREME ! we turn to Thee ;
 " We learn Obedience from the Sea ;
 " With Seas, and Winds, henceforth, thy Laws fulfill ;
 " 'Tis thine our Blood to freeze, or warm ;
 " To rouse, or hush, the martial Storm ;
 And turn the Tide of Conquest, at thy Will. O

X.

" 'Tis Thine to beam sublime Renown,
 " Or quench the Glories of a Crown ;
 " 'Tis Thine to doom, 'tis Thine from Death to free ;
 " To turn aside his levell'd Dart,
 " Or pluck it from the bleeding Heart : ----
 " There we cast Anchor, we confide in THEE. O

XI.

" In Thee, whose Scales the Mountains weigh ;
 " And, what would higher swell than they,
 " Presumptuous Thrones ; which to the Clouds would rise :
 " As Clouds aloft descend in Rain,
 " In Sorrow sinks Presumption vain,
 " Of Right regardless, and avenging Skies.

XII. " But

XII.

“ But who shall rise in Right's Defence,
“ Avenger of *Omnipotence*?
“ That glorious Trust shall *Britain's* Arm sustain?
“ O grant our Isle implor'd Success!
“ Her Sovereign's *Naval Empire* bless
“ In three bold Realms, the *Trident* of his Reign.

XIII.

“ O may this Isle, of old renown'd,
“ The Queen of *Ocean* wide be crown'd,
“ Nor fear the Frown of her encroaching Foes,
“ Till antient Chaos shall return,
“ Till Heavens, and Earth, and Seas, shall burn,
“ And Nature's Wreck *Britannia's* Glory close.

XIV.

“ Thou, who hast taught the *North* to roar,
“ And streaming * *Lights* nocturnal pour
“ Of frightful Aspect! when proud Foes invade,
“ Their blasted Pride with Dread to seize,
“ Bid *Britain's* Flags, as Meteors, blaze;
“ And *GEORGE* depute to thunder in thy Stead.

“ *Aurora Borealis*.
XV. “ The

XV.

- " The *Right* alone is bold, and strong;
 " Black, hovering Clouds appall the *Wrong*
 " With Dread of Vengeance : --- Nature's awfull Sire!
 " Less than one Moment shouldst Thou frown,
 " Where is Puissance, and Renown?
 " Thrones tremble, Empires sink, or Worlds expire.

XVI.

- " Let GEORGE the Just chastise the Vain:
 " THOU, who dost curb the Rebel Main,
 " To mount the Shore when boiling Billows rave!
 " Bid GEORGE repel a bolder Tide,
 " The boundless Swell of *Gallic* Pride;
 " And check *Ambition's* overwhelming Wave.

XVII.

- " And when, (all milder Means withstood,)
 " *Ambition* tam'd by loss of Blood,
 " Regains her Reason; then, on Angels Wings,
 " Let *Peace* descend, and shouting greet,
 " With Peals of Joy, *Britannia's* Fleet,
 " How richly freighted? It, triumphant, brings
 " The Poise of Kingdoms, and the Fate of Kings.